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would have their leisurely breakfast, so that the guard would have to give their Chinaman a chief of the day, and send him off to make such purchases as were possible in the now scanty market. The Chinaman, however, the callers of their own sex, would fill up the morning. There would be a brief siesta after noon, an hour or so on the broad veranda overlooking the bay, and then dress and the inevitable drive. O'Armstrong they had seen nothing, heard nothing, and he was busy with his men over toward East Point. O'Bill Gray of late they had seen rather too often, but on pretext after another he was now forever away. O'Witchie was beginning to wish that Canker had had his way; but Canker had failed miserably.

The witnesses he counted on proved dumb or departed, and it had pleased the general to send him with a regiment of infantry and a light battery to occupy an important point on an adjacent island, and to tell him that in view of the impossibility of obtaining evidence his charges against Gray, the youngest, had to stand on their own feet. He had no other excuse for his violent outbreak. Rather than bring up a scandal, it was best to let the matter drop. O'Gray had been sent to duty with the tenth, and he was thoroughly well, and a good-hearted fellow, the commander, taking pity on his obvious change of heart, had given him the occasion after the first ten days at the front to send him back to quarters in the rear, and to tell him that he was taking the threatened line toward on duty present, and while he seldom came in the city, the boy's numbers of visitors were very few, and he was not to be seen between 3 and 4, when he could generally count on a few moments, at least, alone with Gray. O'Gray was now in his own skin, in his slow convalescence, had made an impression on his boyish heart, lacerated at home, and conceived it by a disappointment at home, and he had no more to say. He thought, until she felt sure he was ready to do almost anything for her sake, and he had no more to say. He had failed her. Believing, as she did, that the boy well knew the whereabouts of the deserter, Morton, and his friend, Nita, she knew how to find them.

would a terrier, the young athlete whirled on the stalwart regular. There was the sound of a crashing blow, followed by a heavy fall. The corporal went rolling down the steps with Lattre bounding over the tumbling form, and the next instant he had vaulted over the ledge of the open window on the lower floor, and vanished through the gateway to the beach. And now all along the Calle Real the bugles were sounding "To arms."

That was wild day in Manila. Far over near the Escorta somebody shot at a vagrant dog lapping water from a little pool under one of the many hydrants. The soldier police essayed an arrest; the culprit broke and ran; the guard fired; a lot of coolies, taking alarm, fled jabbering to the barracks. The soldiers, looking for trouble all any moment, rushed to their homes. Some soldiers on pass and unarmed tumbled over the tables and chairs in the Alameda. The soldiers, looking for trouble, stampeded sergeant told a bugler, to sound to arms, and in the twinkling of an eye the call was taken up from barracks and the soldiers, with bayoneted rifles, by wire to the extreme front. The shopkeepers hastily put up their shutters and bolted their doors. Cabs, carts, galleys and carriages were driven to the open square, instantly seized by the soldiery scattered all over town, and utilized to take them tearing back to join their regiments. In five minutes the business streets of Manila were deserted. Chinese coolies cowered within their crowded huts. The natives, men and women, either hid within the shelter of their houses or fled to the sacred precincts of many churches. Over the great city the alarm spread like wildfire. The battalions formed under arms, those nearest the outbreak being marched at once to their positions in the squares nearer the walled city waiting for orders. Foreign residents took matters more coolly than did the Asiatic German pilgrims, and the Chinese coolies, who were of many sickness preventing a panic. But those who had families and owned or could hire carriages and launches were not slow in seeking safety. The whole of the city, the fleet of transports lying placidly at anchor in the bay, where Dewey's bluejackets

some around to the bay shore and take them off to the fleet.

"I'll send and ask for an officer and twenty men from the Cuartel, on receiving which message the major came forth standing on the dusty roadway in front of the Cuartel, and with a pair of steel-tipped mustache and said, "Frost's got 'em again. Here, Gray, you go over and tell them that I have had that it's nothing but a fake alarm." And Gray, after his moment of the chance to go again into the presence of the woman who so fascinated him, sped on his errand. When he returned, the commissioned officer, tossed aside like a child and outwitted by this daring intruder in the Cuartel, made a salute and left his guard post away and derided by a young fellow in some strange regiment, an adjoining inclosure into which he went and was no more seen. The streets were full of scurrying soldiers, and it was the order of the day to wear the uniform with them and make his way to mingle with them and make his way to his own command. Of course, Gray knew well upon the man must be Nita's troublesome enemy, and he was not about to let him go much. There was his chance to recover the letters and claim the reward; but man and boy both escaped his grasp; and when he pulled up to see the chase after fruitless chase, he was brought to his senses by the sight of his own men falling in the Cuartel, and he had to scamper for his sword and join them.

That was a miserable evening. Margaret Garrison was the only member of the colony who met Nita. She was not far from about her and her nerves under control, for Frank, her illegit lord, had his duty done, and she had waited many hours later trotted slowly home. Margaret was not to understand how he had fallen in her estimation at being so easily tossed aside. A word of her own, "I'll give you my lip." Not a word of what has happened. "I'll be here," she muttered, and a nod of her fluffy head toward the perturbed colonel told her that she was not to be troubled and really had no place in the family councils. To the sisters that alarm was a blessing in disguise. It was sufficient to account for Nita's reproach.

missiles and the ceaseless crackle of rifle fire, could this be determined; for with the same skill in concealment nothing could be seen of their array. Over to the westward along the grassy waters of the bay the huge Monadnock rose like a giant, and down into the dense underbrush across the abandoned rice fields and the marshy flats that lay between the bay and the coast, the cheering and crashing volleys continued, by the sharp report of field guns, told that the comrade brigade was heavily engaged and rapidly making its way to the front. To right and left their volunteer supports were banging into the brush with their heavy Springfielda; and still there seemed through the smoke along the immediate front, no sign of yielding. If anything the fury of the insurgent volley increased as the sun climbed higher, and the long columns of smoke that begrit their teeth and swore as they crouched or lay full length along the roadside, peering through the filmy veil that drifted slowly across their front—the smoke from the Springfielda of the volunteers.

To lie there longer with the bullets buzzing about their ears, and the smoke from the new embankment, sometimes tearing a stinging path through human flesh and bone, was adding to the nerve strain of the volunteers. The bay was a long way across that intervening open space, through deep and muddy pools and stagnant ditches, and hurl themselves upon the lurking enemy with a desperate dash. But there was the ardent longing of the line since daylight came to illumine the field before them. Yet stern orders withheld. Defend, but do not rush. The bay was a long way across; and the whisper went along from man to man, "There is trouble in town behind us, and the chief may need us there."

But, as 8 o'clock passed with no word of uprising in the rear, and the cheering over toward Santa Ana grew loud and louder, the nervous strain of the volunteers became well-nigh intolerable. "For God's sake, can't we be doing something instead of lying here firing into a horse's nest?" said the murmurs of the volunteers. The staff company along the impatient line; and the gruff voices of veteran sergeants could be heard, "If you want to get hurt, move up and down behind their men, and the officers cautioned against waste of ammuni-

tingling in the nerves of that long-suffering line, and only smiled and nodded sympathy.

"Sound the charge. Now I must get back." "All right, youngster. Tell the colonel I send his compliments and best—only, let us into it as quick as you can." But Gray heard only the first part of the sentence. He was panting when he reached his camp, and he knew that he could only gasp out, "The captain understands." And then the regimental commander suddenly turned to the battalion leader and said, "The enemy is in the thick of timber—another veteran captain, grown gray as himself in long, long years of service."

"Now's our time, old man! Pitch in! Gray, we'll go with him."

All along the line from right to left there were the voices of men commanding the broader highway, from Malate to San Rafael and Paranaque on the west, and from W. P. Fazio by way of Singalong to Pasay on the east. The road, straight road, was a wide, wide road, straight road, but the narrower cart track stretched southward, overarched in places by spreading branches of trees, and to the narrowest part, back by the swarm of dusky cattle, was the House 14. A year before the blueshirts stormed these forest strongholds from the south and to the north, and out into Spain. Now they were compelled to turn and storm them from the north; for, just as the blueshirts had said at San Francisco, the Filipinos had said at Manila, and would be friend, Aguinaldo had bearded Uncle Sam.

Now the volunteers and regulars to the right could only remain in support, it fell to the lot of the left wing of this brave band of volunteers to lead in almost impenetrable position an enemy of the blueshirts, rifles or breech loaders, and entirely at home. The bugles rang the signal; the officers of the left wing, and the men, stepping into the narrow pathways, through the jungle, crouching along the roadways or the narrow cart tracks, and the blueshirts drove ahead. Two companies, and their purpose seemed undiscovered, when suddenly black house 14 blazed with fire and smoke, and the blueshirts road. The earthworks in the thickets to

the ex-Rangers are old, white-haired men who fought the murderous Apaches, Comanches and Kiowas in the 40's and 50's, but the greater number are those who saw equally dangerous service on the Texas frontier in the 1870's and 1880's.

The border counties. In all truth it may be said that no body of men in the history of the world ever held such a record for bravery and effective work as the Texas Rangers. They have been in the field ever since the time when forty of them fought their way through Santa Ana's army to reach Alamo, and in the hands of desperate defenders, and there gave up their lives with Davy Crockett, Sam Bowie and

Those men were the original Texas Rangers, and their example has ever been in the minds of their successors, apparently, for the Texas Rangers have never been in Texas that no Ranger ever shirked his duty or turned his back to the enemy, no matter how great the odds.

In the war for the independence of Texas, in the Mexican war and in the civil war the Texas Rangers were in the thick of the fighting. Many of them joined the Rough Riders when the Spanish-American war was declared, and of them Col. Roosevelt has written:

Roosevelt's Estimate.

"We drew a great many recruits from Texas."

But there have been but incidents in the career of the Rangers, for they have been fighting a war of their own on the Texas frontier for over sixty years! During all that time they have fought against the lawless element and against the Indians and have had hundreds upon hundreds of battles and skirmishes with the enemy. The work of wresting Texas from the control of the lawless element which formerly reigned supreme over her border has been long, but it has finally been accomplished by the Rangers, fighting for every foot of ground throughout the long years.

It Was the Ranger Himself.
It was my high privilege to be a Texas Ranger for nearly three years—from 1875 to 1878—and I therefore feel qualified in a measure to act as their historian, although the limits of this article are far too circumscribed to admit of any but the briefest reference to the work of the Rangers, as a whole. I shall rather confine myself to telling of some of the exploits of my immediate comrades in the service of the state and army, and give on sketchy outline an idea of our life from day to day in camp and in the saddle.

Capt. L. H. McNelly, who had achieved fame throughout the southwest as a leader of the "K" men, in the moderate services during the war, was in command of the Ranger company which I joined at the age of nineteen on the Rio Grande border. He was a tall, slender, gray-haired man, in our company, but the first work we were set to do was to put an end to the cattle stealing by thousands of Mexican raiders along the Rio Grande. It was a job that proved too great for the many United States troops stationed along the river. The riders were well organized and had carried on a long and successful career as professional horsemen, expert plainsmen and courageous fighters when cornered. Their leaders were not the ordinary bandits, who had fought their way to their position.

A Fearless Body of Men.

But although the Rangers in our troop were little more than boys—they ranged from eighteen to twenty-three years of age, and McNelly himself was under thirty—they did not lack the qualities of the real soldiers of the frontier. The captain had picked his men from thousands of applicants, and the result proved how splendidly he could judge men. McNelly was a tall, lean, brawny man, with a face as hard as a flint. He was a young daredevil even now, the leader of a band of young fellows who were in the service of any state as were McNelly's Texas Rangers. But there was nothing of the reckless in McNelly. He was a man of make-up of the troop. They were all well-educated young fellows, many of them college graduates. In the Texas plains flowed the best blood of the youth and they were real "gentleman adventurers"—not of

They had sought excitement out on the open prairies, where wild cattle and wild horses roamed. The last of the great last herds of the buffalo yet grazed, but the Rancier company offered superior inducements. They were men who came with zeal and enthusiasm they entered the service of the state.

Thirty Battles in Three Years.

Under McNelly we found all the adventure of the frontier. In the three years I was with the company we had nearly thirty open battles with Mexican raiders and Texas desperadoes and any number of minor encounters with them. We arrested over a hundred outlaws in that time, and broke up gang after gang of horse thieves and cattle thieves and murderers who roamed over the western part of the state.

ried our blankets with us, and wherever darkness overtook us on the plains or in the hills, we lay down and slept. For two years I never slept in any place as the shelter of a tent over me at night. If it rained we pulled our hats over our faces—for the rains are cold when they strike the bare skin at night—and slept the sleep of tired children after a hard day's play. If it snowed we let the snow add a white lining to our blankets, and the sounder for it. But frequently we rode all night long, so as to be where we could surround our enemies by night, and shoot and arrest—or kill, if they showed fight—those whom we sought.

Well armed with six-shooters and carbines, the riders were ready at all times to seek danger, quick to shoot and well able to shoot straight. McNelly's Rangers were a formidable body of men, and it did not take long for our little party to spread from one end of the state to the

On one occasion thirty of us pursued a band of Mexican raiders five miles into Mexico and fought them there. They outnumbered us more than ten to one and they fought their best, but we killed twenty-seven of them and finally brought the others to terms and made them return the captives they had stolen. At another time we met a party of seventeen of the rangers, most of the Mexican raiders on an open prairie and attacked them under a hot fire. They killed one of our number, but we killed the whole fourteen of them.

Twenty-Five Against Hundreds.
With twenty-five men we went to the stronghold of King Fisher's great band of desperadoes, numbering hundreds of the most desperate outlaws in Texas, and fought them to a standstill, scattering the band and killing a number of the worst men in it when they resisted arrest. With

thirteen men, under Lieutenant Jesse Lee Hall, we succeeded in putting an end to a few days of partying, standing in De Witt county, although both sides had hundreds of men, were arrayed against us. We made 120 arrests in that county in one month—most of them for murder. We pursued and captured stage robbers, train robbers, and highway robbers, and a number of lesser criminals who had successfully defied the efforts of the sheriffs and other peace officers, and once we put down a notorious criminal mob simply by appearing on the scene, giving a few yellows and firing on six-shooters in the air. The rangers disappeared so quickly that we laughed.

Never were men more obedient to their superiors than the men of the Texas Rangers, and probably in no like organization was there ever such a lack of "military discipline" when there was no work to do. The officers treated the men as their social equals, and the men treated us as their social equals. We were not "soldiers" and hardly of the material of which soldiers are made.

But very few of McNeilly's Texas Rangers are left. "I am the last of my kind," says McNeilly. "I have covered the range" in the service of the state, and others have scattered far and wide. A few of the survivors will be at San Antonio, where McNeilly will be in uniform. His hair will be streaked with gray and the weight of years will be on their broad shoulders. But for the times of which I write are those of nearly a quarter of a century ago.

There are very few rangers still in the service of the state, but their work is light now compared with the work of the men who had cut out for them. Still, they are efficacious, brave officers of the law and always ready to do their duty well when called upon to assist a sheriff in rounding up some particularly dangerous criminals.

Furnishing the Nursery.

The room selected for the nursery should be, if possible, large and lofty, with a south aspect. The walls should be pretty papered, and let the pictures and photographs be good, so that children may be trained from their earliest years to appreciate artistic things. A good picture is full of interest to a thoughtful child. Cork carpet is better than an ordinary carpet, and there should be a high chimney, secured, before the fire, to avoid accident. A cupboard in a nursery is most useful and almost necessary. Children love to have a place of their own where they can hoard their hundred and one treasures, and many a wet morning can be pleasantly passed in turning out the things and rearranging them. Gas should never be allowed in a nursery, as it vitiates the atmosphere. A good lamp should be used instead, placed on a bracket for safety of the way, so that there is no danger of its being overturned. There should be a good, roomy sofa, so that the little ones may lie down if not feeling very well, and a low chair for the nurse, or, at any rate, a low chair. If the rocking one is not approved of. A crawling rug is a capital thing for a baby, and many a man has been killed by tripping over all kinds of comic designs and representations of animals, birds, etc. A thermometer should hang on the wall, and the temperature be noted, as far as possible. If the nursery is obliged to be on the attic floor it is a good plan to have the floor covered with a thick mat of lime and straw. This will help to keep the room cool in summer.

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Songs and Their Singers.

From Punch.